



OGLEBAY PARK CAMP STAFF — BUDDIES ALL!

L to R John Skow from San Francisco who chauffeured Vyts all over creation, Vyts, Jerry Helt from Cincinnati, and Dr. M. G. "Kars" Karsner from Louisville.

one of friends: Dr. G. M. Karsner from the U. of Ky. in Lex., Jerry Helt, John Skow and myself. Again I got to see a number of friends I haven't seen in "centuries": Sol Krasner for one. This camp is based on the Jane Farwell idea of nationality days and foods. With the Maxwell's and Henry Lash anything is possible "eat-wise", but their smorgasbord is a gourmet's delight. The table is laden heavily with foods and delicacies a Swede would not go without. It looks so terrific that it's a pity to eat, and it was as delicious as it looked. We all gorged ourselves. The wonderful spirit and feeling of oneness in this camp is unsurpassable, and that usually is the case of camps where all campers meet in every class and learn to know each other well. Unlike Western camps the seperatedness tends to create aloofness and a cast system of the "hupa-tsup" kolo fiend, who can see only Vulgarian dancing as the answer to an old maid's prayer, the hoy-poly dancer who goes only to such classes if dances are hard. Both of these high casts have little dealing with the untouchable peasantry who are only learning. This creates a spirit of intellectual dishonesty, when beginners are ashamed to admit that they are such and rush to the classes of the advanced and mess things up for everyone. In Eastern camps everyone is a beginner and every one is a equally advanced. Attendance is 100% and all are eager to learn whatever is offered. This results a far greater fraternal feeling, and this feeling was most evident in Oglebay, people hated to part and hated to see the weekend.

WILMINGTON, PHILLY, WASHINGTON, NEW YORK, BOSTON

After Oglebay the rush began. We raced down for a few days to Wilmington, Del staying with the Brooks, in Arden. More reunions with wonderful friends of the charming Arden community where a very important and active folk dance center exists. The session was very enjoyable and so was our brief stay.

Next on the list was Philadelphia with two sessions, one at the International Institute and one with the folk dance center, two well attended sessions, and the evening sessions was well attended inspite of a heavy downpour. In that area we were hosted by the Hargraves of Lansdowne, our perpetual hosts.

The Nation's Capitol was our next "target". The session there was a "first undertaking" by that particular club and the results were most gratifying. The place was packed and Benny Gepner, who sponsored us, felt highly pleased. We were hosted by wonderful friends of mine who

were charter members of my San Diego VILTIS dancers. Commander & Mrs. William Francis who now live in Hyattsville after a two year stint in Japan. They came back with many wonderful impressions, dances and mementos of Japan.

New York and a session with the Hermans was our next destination. To get around New York, even in Volkswagen, is a holy terror. How people stay calm and remain sane after a drive through that city is truly wonder, but Mary Ann Herman says that people live longer in New York. Perhaps they have to acquire a resistance and steeling of nerves and after that, nothing matters. My sessions at the Hermans was also very well attended and the dances well received. John also had a successful kolo session the next day with the local koloists.

We had to race to get to Boston, for by the time we were able to unsnare ourselves from the mad city traffic half of the day was gone. We stopped off for a brief "lunch-visit" with the Herbert Hymans of Hartford, Conn. Herb was my hospital mate at the JCRS and is now deeply involved in social service work and is also married to a very lovely, beautiful and charming lass. We made two sessions in Cambridge's Shady Lane School, which John and I shared. Our host there Vic Jones, and ex-San Franciscan who is now on the staff of Harvard University.

CANADA: Quebec, Montreal, Toronto

Main and the Southern section of the Province of Quebec, were enchantingly beautiful during mid September: green, rolling and forested country in full bloom of autumn colors which seemed like as if large azalea bushes of various colors were in bloom. There were blotches of red, of bronze, of gold and variuos other hues which would seem unbelievably exaggerated if we would see a faithful color reproduction of them. But there it was in all its autumn glory.

Quebec City, capital of the French Canadians, is one of the most interesting cities on the North American continent. The whole city is like a museum. Its citadell, its turretted castles, the gabled French-Canadienne homes and spired churches of which there are many. Some homes and churches date back to 400 years and some, like the Church of Our Lady of Victories, contain paintings of masters of the XV and XVI centuries. However, the charm is lost when a bus load of tourists arrive and invade the church and convert it into a noisy market place; then it becomes almost disgusting, for those people know neither what is holy or profane. It is probably against such "goings-on" that Christ became angered. The same thing, tho to a much lesser degree, was also evident in the famous Canadian shrine of Saint Anne Beupre. However, that shrine being enormous tourists were lost while believing pilgrims who came to pray were in greater numbers.

In Montreal our session was held at St. Viatur's College, sponsored by Jacques Carriere. Some 300 or more enthusiastic young Frenchmen and women attended five sessions during Saturday and Sunday. Montreal, without any doubt, is the center of the folk dance movement in Canada. All international dancing is in the hands of the Frenchies, while the other nationalities maintain ethnic groups only, many of them quite excellent.

One of the pleasant surprised in Montreal was when during the mid session the Montreal Lithuanian group, under the direction of Juozas Pecaitis, appeared in their beautiful costumes and presented a group of five dances. I sure was surprised and thrilled no end. The very same thing happened in Toronto, where once again, the local Lithuanian group under the direction of Mr. Taruta appeared and danced terrifically well six dances... I declare! The Lithuanian groups in Canada are doing very well and leave excel'ent impressions wherever they appear (so I

am told). In Toronto we had three sessions, for Ivy Krehm's group, University of Toronto, and another session for the leaders. Our host in the Toronto were the Bromby's (the home when away from home).

When one enters the province of Ontario after being in the province of Quebec one notices immediately a vast difference, not because French disappears from the road marks, but the whole coutrysite changes: from the picturesque to the drab. Gone is the gabled French Canadian type of home, the churches of distinct architect, often topped by a rooster design, the many way side shrines and peculiar crosses with ladder, hammer and other tools used during the crucifixion, gone are also the neat and well cultivated farms (at least along route 7) and the fact that they understand what we are talking about when entering restaurants, also takes away the charm one had while in French Canada.

Our stays everywhere were so brief and rushed. I did manage to see my cousins in Montreal and a stop over in Ottawa, Canada's Capital city, which, because it borders the province of Quebec, is still (mostly less) a bilingual city with an architecture which seems more French than British, but very European nonetheless.

Back in U. S., Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Mpls., etc.

We entered U. S. over the Rainbow bridge spanning near Niagara Falls, a lovely spot to enter or leave the county. We had two sessions in Buffalo and one in Rochester: International Institute, Buffalo Folk Dancers and Rochester Folk Dancers. In Buffalo we were hosted by Li and Lorna Liu with real Chinese hospitality and food. Lorna is a terrific cook. We even ate with sticks — living it up in real style. In Cleveland we were with the folk dancers where I visit annually (as at all other points). We supped with Larisa Lucaci, noted Romanian dancer who will be in charge of the Romanian issue in January.

Then came Chicago, my old stamping grounds. In all these cities we were there for so brief a time that we practically saw nothing and nobody unless they came to the session. It made it especially hard on me in Chicago where I have so many friends and only one morning free for visiting. The vastness of Chicago made it impossible. Alas!

The sessions were at the International House. Between the sessions the sponsors (Beliajus Room Scholarship Fund) gave a banquet consisting of an international meal prepared by an international staff: Hindu, Bermudan, Swede, Chinese, Norwegian, etc. It was delish! International House has a scholarship in my name which gives scholarships and helps out foreign students who are caught in financial distress. Two winners were present at the banquet, Helge Lunde from Norway, and Hsien LU from Formosa. Both are brilliant students. This Fund paid their entire expension of tuition, room and board. I was extremely thrilled with the knowledge of the wonderful deed the fund does and felt most unworthy at such an honor. I sure wish a deserved it. Nonetheless, I'm most grateful to the creators and perpetuators of this fund which is now in its seventh year.

We rushed to Minneapolis via Milwaukee where we had a terrific Turkey dinner with the Gruenwallers, and to Oconomowoc where we stayed over night at the home of my friends of many years, Rev. & Mrs. Rodney Shaw. It was the days of victory for Milwaukee and Wisconsin. The Yankees came to play a "Bush League" and the proud were humbled. Milwaukee resented the "Bush League" re-marque and the city rallied behind its Braves as nothing else would have brought them out.

We had two days in Minneapolis and were hosted by the Fredines of St. Paul. Our first taste of actual winter was experienced in the Twin Cities. From there we left for a

two-day stint in Madison, Wis. Then we raced to Detroit, Michigan, where we had a series of sessions including a camp near Flint, a very lovely spot, but I wished it were summer. In Detroit we were hosted by the Amneus'es and Klinges, both families are friend of many years.

The last few weeks of our tour were a series of "rush-rush", trying to get places pronto — right—away—quick. Because of that we failed to see many friends I had hoped to see. From Detroit we rushed to Dayton, meanwhile, we stopped off to see the Rohrbougs in Delaware, Ohio, the publishers and manufactures of recreational material whose little song books are the mainstay in the camps throughout the country.

In Dayton we stayed at the home of Kay Merrill and family of newly weds (her son). We enjoyed a nice Pennsy Dutch dinner at the home of Judge and Mrs. Wm. Wolff and a nice session with the local dancers, and from there we rushed to Kent State University where we were guests at the lovely home of Mrs. Virginia Harvey. The session at the University was well attended and they had the largest student participation ever, with the male students in majority, which pleased the sponsors greatly, Mr. Gulley, square dance caller from Canton who handled the "mob" during the evening party did an excellent job in having all present participate.

We made San Diego from Kent in three and a half days (no night driving!). We really rushed! In New Mexico we drove through rain, wind storms, cloud bursts, hail and even a missile firing. For that our car was stopped for some 20 minutes and we watched the missile burst high above the clouds. But we got home safe and sound (I hope). After a half day at home to finish VILTIS I came to Los Angeles to have it printed and then on to Fresno for the Stockton reunion and Raisin Festival. It was a very nice summer. Tho sometimes I wished we didn't have to rush through a town. Sightseeing I have hardly done due to lack of time and the fact that John isn't keen about sights. Otherwise, tho, he was an excellent companion and a considerate one and we enjoyed our sojourn in the Volkswagen which we both recommend, it is good, comfortable and cheap travel. A trip to Texas over the Thanksgiving week-end is next on the list.

Thus ended a most pleasant summer and tour.

Pasimatysim
Vyts-Fin

Music Of The Polish People

By Barbara Welch

It is impossible to give a specific origin for Polish music as it is blended wit the origin of all Slavic music. As seems to be true in most cultures, the Slavonic peoples attached great importance to music since it played a significant part in their lives. Amazingly, a few pagan songs even survived the purging of all things pagan by the early Christian church and have been preserved down to the present day. Such a song is "Oj Chimieliu" (Song of the Hop) which can be heard even today at peasant weddings. This example and others from the same period show the prevalence of the pentatonic scale (g-a-c-d-e).

Throughout the Middle Ages, the musical development of Poland evolved along the same general lines as in the other western nations, mainly under the control of the church, but with an "under-the-surface" stream of secular music among the people. Medieval accounts of the songs of the